AARON IN THE WILD WOODS.

The Story of a Southern Swamp.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

X.

CHUNEY RILEY SEES A QUEER SIGHT. There is no doubt that Mr. Gossett was sin doubt that he fully intended to carry out the promises he had made in the hope of inducing the runaway to return home with him. Nor can e doubted that he had some sort of respect for a slave, who, although a fugitive with a re ward offered for his capture, was willing to go to the rescue of his owner at a very critica moment. Mr. Gossett was indeed a harsh, hard, calculating man, whose whole mind was bent on accumulating "prop'ty." as he called it, to the end that he might be looked up to as Addison Abercrombie and other planters were. But, after all, he was a human being, and he admired strength, courage, audacity, and the suggestive ness of craftiness that he thought he discovered in Aaron.

Moreover, he was not without a lurking fear of the runaway, for at bottom Mr. Gossett's was cesentially a weak nature. This weakness constantly displayed itself in his hectoring, blus-Sering, overbearing manner toward those over whom he had any authority. It was natural, therefore, that Mr. Gossett should have a secret dread of Aaron, as well as a lively desire to conelliate him up to a certain point. More than this Mr. Gossett had been impressed by the neighborhood talk about the queer runaway. As long as such talk was confined to the negroes he paid no attention to it, but when such a sage as Mr. Jonathan Gadaby, a man of large experience and likewise a Justice of the Peace, was ready to agree to some of the most marvellous tales told about the agencies that Aaron was able to call to his aid, the superstitious fears of Mr. Gossett began to give him an uneasy feeling.

The first proposition that Mr. Gadsby laid cown was that Aaron was "not by no means a nigger, as anybody with eyes in their head could see." That fact was first to be considered. Admit it, and everything else that was said would follow as a matter of course. Mr. Gacaby's argument, judiciously delivered to whemsoever wanted to hear it, was this: It was plain to be seen that the runaway was no more like a nigger than a donkey is like a race horse. Now, if he wasn't a nigger what was he trying to play nigger for! What was he upto! Why couldn't the track dogs catch him! When some one said Mr. Simmons's dogs hadn't tried, Mr. Gadsby would answer that when Mr. Simmons's dogs did try they'd make a worse muddle of it than ever. Why! Because the runaway had on him the marks of the men that called the elements to help them. Mr. Gadsby knew it, because he had seen their pictures in the books, and the runaway looked just like them. Mr. Gadsby's memory was exact. The pictures he had seen were in a book called the

Mr. Gossett thought of what Mr. Gadsby had said as he sat with Aaron in the buggy, and cold chills began to creep up his spine. He edged away as far as he could, but Aaron paid no attention to his movement. Once the horse turned its head sidewise and whinnied. Asron made tion to his movement. Once the horse turned head aidewise and whinnied. Aaron made he sort of reply that was unintelligible to Mr. sett. The horse stopped still. Aaron jumped n the buggy, went to the animal's head, and he back with a part of the harness in his hand, ch he threw in the bottom of the buggy. What's that i' Mr. Gossett asked. Bir diet. Bir hurt horse's mouth.' He then lly pulled the reins in and placed them with bridle.

coolly pulled the reins in and placed them with the bridle.

"Why, confound it, don't you know this horse is as wild as a buck! Are you fixing to have me killed! What are you doing now!"

Asron had taken the whip from its thimble, laid the lash gently on the horse's back and held it there. In response to his chirrup the horse whinnled and shook its head playfully.

When Mr. Gossett saw that the horse was going easily and that it seemed to be completely under Aaron's control, he remembered again what Mr. Gadsby had said about people who were able to call the elements to their aid, and it caused a big lump to rise in his throat. What was this going on right before his eyes? A runaway sitting by his side and driving a fractious and easily frightened horse without bitor bridle? And then another thought crossed Mr. Gossett's mind—a thought so direful that it caused a cold sweat to stand on his forehead. Was it the runaway's intention to jump suddenly from the buggy and strike the horse with the whip! But Aaron showed no such purpose or desire. Once

haron showed no such purpose or desire. Once he leaned forward, peering into the darkness, and said something to the horse.

"What is it!" Mr. Gossett asked nervously.

"Some buggles coming along," replied Aaron.

"Can you pass them here!" "If they give your wheels one inch to spare,"
Peplled Aaron. "Tell em to bear to the right."

"Hello, there!" cried Mr. Gossett.
"Hello yourself!" answered a voice.

"That you, Terrell!"

"Yes; ain't that Gossett!"

"The same. Bear to the right. Where've you been!"

you been I.
"Been to the lodge at Harmony." The attic
of the schoolhouse at Harmony was used as a
Magnic lodge.

of the schoolhouse at Harmony was used as a Masonic lodge.

"Who's behind you!" Mr. Gossett inquired.

"Denham, Alken, Griffin, and Gatewood."

There were, in fact, four buggies, Mr. Griffin being on horseback, and they were all close together. Mr. Gossett had but to seize Asron, yell for help, and his neighbors would soon have the runaway fied hard and fast with the reins in the bottom of the buggy. That is, if Aaron couldright all the elements to his ald—but suppose he could? What then? These thoughts passed through Mr. Gossett's mind, and he was strongly tempted to try the experiment; but he refrained. He said good-night, but Mr. Alken helled him.

"You know that new school teacher at Aber-

You know that new school teacher at Aber "Total kind and the combile's i"
"I haven't seen him." said Mr. Gossett.
"Well, he's there. Keep an eye on him. He's a rank abolitionist."
"Is that so i" exclaimed Mr. Gossett, in a tone

"Is that so I exclaimed all descriptions."

of amazement.
"So I've heard. He'll bear watching."

"Well, well, well !" Mr. Gossett ejaculated.

"What's that I' Aaron asked in a low tone they passed the last of the four buggles.

"What's what !"

"Abolitioner."

"Abolitioner."

"What's what?"

"Abolitioner."

"Oh, that's one of these new-fangled parties.
You wouldn't know if I were to tell you."

In a little while they began to draw near Mr.
Gossett's home, and he renewed his efforts to prevail on Aaron to go to the cabin that had been assigned to him, and to remain as one of the hands. Finally, as they came within hailing distance of the house, Mr. Gossett said:

"If you've made up your mind to stay, you may take the horse and put it up. If you won't stay, don't let the other niggers see you. Stop the horse, if you can."

Aaron pressed the whip on the horse's flank

stay, don't let the other niggers see you. Stop
the horse, if you can."
Aaron pressed the whip on the horse's flank
and instantly the buggy came to a standstill.
The runaway jumped from the buggy, placed
the whip in its thimble, and stood a moment as
if reflecting. Then he raised his right arm in
the air-a gesture that Mr. Gossett could not
see, however—and said good night.
"Wait!" exclaimed Mr. Gossett. "Where's

the air—a gesture that Mr. Gossett could not see, however—and said good night.

"Wait!" exclaimed Mr. Gossett. "Where's my pisto!"

"Inside the buggy soat." replied Aaron, and disappeared in the darkness.

Mr. Gossett called a negro to take the horse, and it seemed as if one sprang from the ground to answer the call, with "Yes, Marster!" on the end of his tongue. It was Chunky Rilley.

"How long have you been standing here!" askel Mr. Gossett, suspiciously.

"No time, Marster. Des come a-runnin' when thear de buggy wheels scrunshin' on de gravel. I hear de buggy wheels scrunshin' on de gravel. I hear de buggy wheels scrunshin' on de gravel. I hear de buggy wheels scrunshin' on de gravel. I hear de buggy wheels scrunshin' and gravel. I hear de buggy wheels scrunshin' and gravel. I hear you talkin' to de hoss whiles I comin' froote big gate down yander by de barn."

"You're a rulghty swift runner, then," remarked Mr. Gossett, doubtfully.

"Yasser, I'm a right peart nigger. I'm short, but soon. Thereupon Chunky Hiley pretended to laugh. Then he made a discovery and became very serious. "Marster, dey ain't no sign er no bridle on dish yer hoss. An' whar de lines i Is anybody ever see de beat er dat! Marster, how in de name er goodness kin you drive dish yer hoss widout bridle er lines!"

"It's easy enough when you know how," replied Mr. Gossett complacently. He was flattered and soothed by the idea that Chunky Riley would believe him to be a greater man than ever. "Give the horse a good feed, "commanded Mr. Gossett," He has travelled far to-night, and be and I have seen some queer sights.

"Well, sub!" exclaimed Chunky Riley with well-saffected amaxement. He caught the horse by the forelock and led it carefully through the gate into the lot, thence to the buggy shelter, where he proceeded to take off the harness.

He shook his head and muttered to himself all the while, for he was wrestling with the most mysterious problem that had ever heen presented to his maint beging and care, and they were too mysterious for h

could make neither head nor tail of it. He knew that Aaron had some mysterious influence over the animals, both wild and tame. That could be accounted for on grounds that were entirely plausible and satisfactory to the suggestions of Chunky Riley's superstition. But did Aaron have the same power over his own master? It certainly seemed so, for he rode in the buggy with him, and went off into the woods again right before Mr. Gossett's cycs.

But, wait a minute! If Aaron really had any influence over his own master, why didn't he stay at home instead of going into the woods? This was a problem too complicated for Chunky Riley to work out. But it worried him so that he whispered it among the other negroes on the place, and so it spread through all that region.

A fortnight afterward it was nothing uncommon for negroes to come at night from plantations inlies away so that they might hear from Chunky Riley's own lips what he had seen.

The tale that Chunky Riley told was beyond bellef, but it was all the more impressive on that account. And it was very fortunate for Aaron, too, in one respect. After the story that Chunky Riley told became bruited about there was not a negro to be found who could be bribed or frightened into spying on Aaron's movements, or who could be induced to say that he had seen him.

It was observed, too, by all the negroes, as well

was not a negro to estound who could be induced to say that he of frightened into spying on Aaron's movements, or who could be induced to say that he had seen him.

It was observed, too, by all the negroes, as well as by many of the white people, that Mr. Gossett seemed to lose interest in his fugitive slave. He made no more effort to capture Aaron, and, when twitted about it by some of his near neighbors, his invariable remark was: "Oh, the nigger! come home soon enough when cold weather sets in. A nigger can stand everything except cold weather." Yet Mr. Gossett's neighbors all knew that nothing was easier than for a runaway to make a tire in the woods and keep himself fairly comfortable. They wondered, therefore, why the well-known energy of Mr. Gossett in capturing his runaway negroes—and he had a remarkable experience in the matter of runaways—should suddenly cool down with respect to Aaron.

But it must not be supposed that this made any real difference. On the contrary, as soon as George Gossett found that his father was willing to allow matters to take their course as far as Aaron was concerned, he took upon himself the task of capturing the fugitive, and in this business he was able to enlist the interest of the young men of the neighborhood, who, without asking anybody's advice, constituted themselves the patrol. George Gossett's explanation to his companions in engaging their assistance was: "Pap is getting old, and he ain't got time to be setting up late at night and galloping about all day tryling to catch a runaway nigger."

These young fellows were quite willing to pledge themselves to George Gossett's plana. They had arrived at the age when the vigor of youth seeks an outlet, and it was merely in the nature of a froile for them to ride half the night patrolling and sit out the other half watching for Aaron.

or Aaron. But there was one peculiarity about the vigils nat were kept on account of Aaron. They were for Aaron.

But there was one peculiarity about the vigils that were kept on account of Aaron. They were carried on, for the most part, within tasting distance of the stillhouse run by Mr. Fullalove, which was on a small watercourse not far from the Abercromble place. Mr. Fullalove was employed simply to superintend the distilling of peach and apple brandy and corn whiskey, and, although it was his duty to taste of the low wines as they trickled from the spout of the "worm," he could truthfully boast, as he frequently did, that not a drop of liquor had gone down his throat for "40 years." Being a temperance man and feeling himself responsible for the "stuff" at the still, he was inclined to resent the freedom with which the young men conducted themselves. Sometimes they paid for what they drank, but more often they didn't, and, at such times, Mr. Fullalove would limp about attending to his business—he had what he called a "game leg"—with tight-shut lips, refusing to respond to the most civil question.

But usually the young men were very good

business—he had what he called a "game leg"—with tight-shut lips, refusing to respond to the most civil question.

But usually the young men were very good company, and occasionally when Mr. Fullalove was suffering from pains in his "game leg," they would keep up his free for him. And that was no light task, for the still was of large capacity. Take it all in all, however, one night with another, Mr. Fullalove was perfectly willing to dispense with both the services and the presence of the roystering young men.

But one night when they came the old man had something interesting to tell them.

"You fellers ought to a been here awile ago," he said, "I reckon you'd a' seed somethin that'd 'a' made you open your eyes. I was settin' in my chur over thar, some 'rs betwixt a nod an' a dream, when it seems like I heard a dog awhinn' in the bushes. Then I heard a stick crack, an' when I opened my eyes who should I see but the biggest, strappin'est buck nigger that ever trod shoe leather. I say 'Nigger, Mr. Fullalove explained, 'bekase I dunner what else to say, but ef he's a nigger I'm mighty mistaken. He's dark enough for to be a nigger, but he ain't got the right color, an' be ain't got the right tool of, an' be ain't got the right kind of twang to his tongue."

Mr. Fullslove paused a moment to see what effect this would have on the young men. Then he went on:

"I heard a dog whinin' out thar in the bushes.

Mr. Fullslove paused a moment tose what effect this would have on the young men. Then he went on:

"I heard a dog whinin' out thar in the bushes, but I didn't pay no attention to it. Then I stoops down for to git a splinter for to light my pipe, an' when I look up thar was this big tailwell, you can call him 'nigyer' ef you want to. I come mighty nigh jumpin' out n my skin. I drapt splinter, pipe, hat, an 'eve ything else you can think of, an ef the man hadn't 'a' retched down an picked 'em up I dunno as I'd 'a' found 'em by now. I ain't had sech a turn-well, not sence that night when the 'worm' got chugged up an' the cap of the still blow'd off."

"Hello! says I, 'when did you git in I You might 'a' knocked at the door,' says I. I tried for to make out I weren't skeered, but 'twant no go. The man-nigger or ha'nt, whicksomever it might a' been-know'd e'en about as well as I did that he'd skeered me, Says he, 'Wil you please, sir, give me as much as a spoonful of low-wines for to rub on my legs I' says he, 'I've been on my feet so long that my limbs are sore, sayshe."

"Why, tooby shore I will, 'says I, 'ef you'll

been on my feet so long that my limbs are sore, says he."
"Why, tooby shore I will, says I, 'ef you'll make affydavy that you'll not creep up on me an skeer me out n two years' growth, says I. You may not believe me," Mr. Fullalove continued, solemnly, 'but that man stood up that an' never cracked a smile. I got one of them half-pint ficklers an' let the low-wines run in it hot from the worm. He takes it an 'sat right on that log that an' poured it in his han' an 'rubbed it on his legs. Now, ef that'd 'a' been one of you boys you'd a' awaller'd the low-wines an' rubbed your legs wi' the bottle."

George Gossett knew that the man Mr. Full-alove had seen was Aaron, the runaway.
"Which way did he go, Uncle Jake!" George inquired.

"Which way did he go, Uncle Jake! George inquired.
"Make inquirements of the wind, child! The wind knows lots more about it than me. The man bowed, raised his right han in the ar, taken a couple of steps, an "-fwiff—he was gone! Whether he floated or flew, I'll never tell you, but he done uther one er t'other, maybe both."
"I'd give a \$20 bill if I could have been here!" exclaimed George Gossett.
"On what bank, Gossett!" asked one of his companions.

ompanions.
"On a sandbank," remarked Mr. Fullalove

"On a sandbank," remarked Mr. Fullalove sarcastically.

"And I'll give a \$5 bill to know which way he went," said young Gossett, paying no attention to gibe or sarcasm.

"Plank down your money!" exclaimed Mr. Fullalove.

The young man pulled a bill from his pocket, unrolled it and held it in his hand.

"He went the way the wind blow'd! Gi' me the money," said Mr. Fullalove solemnly.

Whereat the young men laughed loudly, but not louder than Mr. Fullalove.

"Some of your low wines must have slipped down your goozle," remarked George Gossett, somewhat resentfully.

Later, when the young men were patrolling the plantations in a vain search for Aaron, their leader remarked:

sder remarked: "The nigger that old Fullalove saw was pap's

runaway."
"But," said one, "the old man says be wasn't "But," said one, "the old man says he wasn't a nigger."
"Shucks! Fullalove's so old he couldn't tell a mulatto from a white man at night. You needn't tell me; that nigger hangs around the Abercromble place, and if we'll hang around there we'll catch him."
So they agreed then and there to lay siege, as it were, to the Abercromble place every night until they succeeded either in capturing Aaron, or in finding out something definite about his movements. This siege was to go on in all sorts of weather and under all sorts of conditions.

To be continued.

CHAMP CLARK'S BOY.

Payorite with Every One from Speaker Reco to the Scrub Laborers.

From the Washington Post. Little Champ Clark of Missouri is a chip of the old block. He is a beautiful child, about five years old, as bright as a dollar, and almost as quick at repartee as his noted father. Little Champ is a source of joy and amusement to sli with whom he becomes acquainted, and there are not many people in the big Capitol building on the House side, from Speaker Reed down to aborors who scrub the floors after every on else goes home, with whom he has not alread; become acquainted.

"What's the number of daddy's box!" he

become acquainted.

"What's the number of daddy's box?" he shouted, as he rushed into the House Post Office the other day.

"Who's your daddy?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, you know," said little Champ, with a contemptuous wave of his hand. "I introduced myself to you the other day."

The place where little Champ delights to go is the House stationery room. The rows of poarlhardled knives, the silver-tipped pencils, the rubber bands, the bottles of paste, and the piles of paper and boxes of envelopes are sources of amusement to the little lad, and the clerks encourage his visits, for bright sayings are ever bubbling fresh from his lips.

"What are you Democrats going to do now?" asked one of the clerks yesterday, when little Champ came in, "McKinley is running things, and you folks will have to put up with it, whether you like it or not."

The little fellow jumped into a chair and swing his arms aloft, in the attitude which his father assumes when most in earnest.

"We Democrats," piped up his little voice, "will not be for any of McKinley's act."

Whether the boy would have gone on with a stump speech is not known, but certainly the shouts of laughter that followed this earnest declaration of principles did not disconcert him in the least.

WEALTH FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A HALF-CENTURY-OLD LIST OF NEW YORK'S RICH MEN.

It Contains the Names of the Most Premines Capitalists Whose Wealth Was Estimate at \$100,000 and Unward .. fome of the Persons Who Were Rich in Those Days. THE SUN publishes to-day the sixth install-

ment of the names of the New Yorkers who fifty years ago were wealthy. These names, as we have said, are taken from a pamplet published in 1846, the title of which is:

> THE WEALTH AND BIOGRAPHY

WEALTHY CITIZENS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

Being an alphabetical arrangement of the names of the most prominent capitalists whose wealth is estimated at \$100,000 and upward, with the sums appended to each notices of the principal persons. Also, a valuable table of statistics concerning the wealth of the city and State of New York. TENTH EDITION.

With Many Improvements and Additions. NEW YORK: Published at THE SUN office, corner Nassau and Fulton streets. 1846.

Sharpe & Sutphen made their money honestly y vending whips and cowhides of every denom nation, when horse and ox flesh were in greate repute than they have been since they have been driven off the course by the fire horses of steam Peter Sharp was once a great man in the old Democratic ranks, and became Speaker of the Assembly. Retired at New Haven.

SHERMAN, -Married a daughter of Peter Lorillard, by whom he received a fortune. SHELDON, FREDK \$150,000
SHOTWELL, JOSEPH S \$200,000
Of a Long Island Quaker family, and formerly an auctioneer, in which business he made h

From Connecticut, and is a dry goods jobber. SLOCUM, SAMUEL. \$100,000 This gentleman is largely interested in the manufacture of pins at Poughkeepsie, and also at Waterbury, Conn. Yankee ingenuity has a far superseded the dull, "plod on your old way principles of the English manufacturers of th same article that the market is now almost wholly supplied by a solid-headed pin, superio in quality, at half the price of the foreign arti

couragement to home industry and persever SMITH, EDMUND (deceased)..... An ancient merchant of the "Bull Smith branch of the legions of Smith. Edmund's an centor was Patentee of Smithtown, Suffoll county, and an illustrious name in our early annals. SMITH, TRA

cle, besides giving an excellent profit and er

SMITH, PETER. \$200,00 Came to this country from Ireland. He was paver and afterward a contractor, and thu made his money. Said to have made large sum on the election of 1844. SMITH, RENEL.... \$100 OO SMITH, WILLIAM.......\$100,000 SMITH, CORNELIUS......\$100,000 SMITH, MICHA J..... SMITH, SHELDON \$100,000

Of Irish descent and a dry goods merchant. SPENCER, LIEUT.
Married a daughter of P. Lorillard. ..\$100,00 SPICER, GEORGE \$100,000
Formerly a wholesale grocer in Front street,

in which business he accumulated his property He is now well known as a sportsman. spectable parents, he began the world a poo boy, with the old firm of C. & J. D. Wolfe, raised himself to a partner of that house, and since their dissolution doing business on his own ac-

count. SPOFFORD, PAUL. \$500,000 Of the firm of Spofford, Tileston & Co., one of the largest shipping houses in the city. SPINGLER'S ESTATE..... 8200 000 STAGG. JOHN P. \$100,000 Of an old Knickerbocker race. STAGG, BENJ \$100,000 STEPHENR, BENJAMIN \$500,000 A carpenter of a New Jersey family. He was

very industrious, a good workman, and has made all his money by hard toil and shrewd manage ment. He built the old State prison in this city. and was a large contractor for building. One his sons is the distinguished traveler Stephens STEPHENS, JOHN L.....\$100,000 The distinguished traveler and the son of Ben-

sum by his books in addition to what he may have received and expects from his father.

enezer S. The Doctor's three successive mar-riages to rich heiresses have, we imagine, put re money in his purse than amputating lim or tying up arteries.

&c. Their father, Maj. Gen. Ebenezer Stevens was a meritorious and gallant officer of the old Continental line of the army of the Revolution, and as Major commanded the artillery with deadly effect in several bloody encounters. How honorable to Major Stevens to rise to that point from out of the ranks, where it is said he enlisted as a private soldier, leaving his tools as a jour neyman carpenter to take up the sword and battle axe for liberty. His sons have many of them inherited much of his inborn energy and power of mind. The Stevenses so celebrated in engineering, and sons of Col. Stevens, of Hoboken,

are a totally different family. STEVENS, JOHN H...... \$100,000 STEVENS, ROBERT L.......\$350,000 STEVENS, JOHN C. \$300,000 Robert L. and John C. are sons of Col. Stevens, leceased, of Hoboken. The eminent ability of Robert, as one who alone has inherited the mantle of his friend Fulton, is too well known to need remark.

An old physician. The celebrated dry goods merchant of Broad way, whose shop is the grand resort of the fash-ionables. He has lately bought Washington Hall, which he intends to fit up for stores. He married a Miss Mitchell, a lady of some prop-

STEWART, ROBERT\$200,000 One of two Scotch brothers, who by inherits the great old Dutch estate of the Lispen ards, near Canal street. \$300,000

STEWARD, JOHN......\$300,000
But thirty years a resident here, and by the force of his own straightforward, clear-headed sagacity in the dry goods line, &c., has acquired near half a million. STEWARD, JOHN, Jr..... STEWART, LISPENARD \$500,000

He is now possessed of the remains of the Lispenard estate, in addition to a large amount received by his wife, a daughter of L. Salles, de-

ceased, a native of France, who amassed a large fortune in this city by cautious loans during great pressures and by rigid economy.

Alexander Stewart, the father of Lispenard. came to this country with his elder brother, Robert, from Scotland. They commenced as brokers and acquired some property, when Robert failed paying a pistareen on a pound—that is, one-sev enth, and put his property into possession of his

prother, with the agreement that the survivor should receive the estate belonging to both. Previous to this, Alexander having married a daughter of Lispenard, of an old Dutch family, and owning a large tract of meadows and marshes in the vicinity of where Canal street now is. On the death of Lispenard Alexander Stewart came into possession of a portion of this estate, by his wife, and also a good portion of that of her two brothers, Leonard and Anthony, who died, after having parted with the best part of their fortune, each leaving heirs. Mr. Stewart had also the entire possession of the estate of his imbecile sister-in-law, who left him her fortune by will. Alexander dying, this estate came into possession of his brother Robert, who, on his denephew, Lispenard, the only son of Alexander. James Watson Webb, his brother, an officer in the army, and M. Stewart, a chaplain in the navy, married daughters of Alexander Stewart. Since the death of Alexander S., there has been much legal controversy in regard to thisestate particularly between several of the heirs of old M. Lispenard and those of Alexander Stewart on the one hand, and Robert and Lispenard Stewart on the other. Lispenard professes to hold the estate which though immense, is incumbered, solely for the benefit of those having legal or

equitable claims on it. Lately deceased in New Haven, Conn. He was early in life a tailor and made the bulk of his fortune by fortunate investments in real estate and by loaning during pressures. He was once Alderman of the second ward.

somewhere in Dutchess county, and came to this city. It is said of him that, about the first enerprise into which he embarked was the pur chase of a keg of beeswax, the profits on which gave him a start, while a clerk in a grocery store, and undoubtedly formed the nucleus around which his present ample fortune has gathered. "Industry and economy" have always been his motto. He is now one of the very oldest grocers in the city.

TORM, GARRET \$500,000
An old retired grocer, who made his money by STORM. GARRET .. STRIKER, JAMES (cetate of) \$200,000 Mr. Striker died in the year 1831 at an adranced age. He is one of the oldest Knickerocker families of our city. His estate has been

handed down in regular succession from the year 1640, when his family emigrated to this country from Holland, Mr. Striker has held several civil offices of responsibility; he was also proprietor of the splendid estate known as Striker's Bay," now leased by his widow, in whose possession the estate now is, as a public house. Mr. James Striker was the father of Gen. Striker, a gentleman well known in this city as one of wealth and standing, and also has held many exalted stations in our city and state.

yer, now in partnership with Marshall M. Bid-well, a self-exiled Canadian patriot. Seo. W. Strong. She was a Remsen and hence a

great part of her riches. TUART, ROBERT L..... The celebrated candy manufacturer and sugar efiner. His father, failing in Glasgow, Scotand, came to this country, where he soon massed property, with which he returned and paid up his old debts. His son may be proud of such a nobility. Robert is an enterprising and beral business man; married the daughter of Robert McCrea (deceased), by whom he received

considerable property. 8150.000 STUART, ALEXANDER.... Brother and partner in business with the shove, strictly a business man, and has considerable knowledge in mechanics. STURGES, JONATHAN..... .8200,000

His ancestor, Governor-General and Admiral von Peter Stuyvesant, that redoubtable little flery gentleman, whose portraiture is so graphi-cally touched by Diedrich Knickerbocker, and who, as the last of the Dutch dynasty, went out uproariously, a true mariner, subjecting all his vassals to courts martial, military flogging, &c., if they but dared to look at his surliness, is familiarly known in the history of New York. Gov. Nicoll, from England, who brought the little gentleman to his bearings, omitted one thing, viz.: to make him disgorge some of his ruel exactions, but Peter took the oath to the Gorgon banner of St. George and doffed the beaver-tail and windmill escutcheon of Dutch authority, and thus retaining his rich cabbage self away as snug as a mouse in a cheese. The generations from him are all baptized in the

ace shirt in which he was christened. They in herit and keep, too, the silver spoon. STARRE L. S. \$150,000 SUFFERN, THOS. \$500,000
A respectable Irish gent, nephew of the venerable Judge S. of Rockland county, N. Y., de-ceased. The present Judge Edward Suffern,

ceased Judge. Thomas owes his gold to linens.

the British Navy, who died in this city leaving SUYDAM, CORNELIUS R..... large estate.

A branch of the same family with David L (see Suydam, David L.) and of the firm of Dore-mus, Suydam & Nixon, dry goods jobbers doing SUYDAM, DAVID L....

Son of John Suydam, deceased, of an old New York family and of Dutch extract. John was a successful speculator in cotton. He died some three or four years since, leaving an estate of \$700,000 to his five sons, who all live in the same house in Waverly place in good bachelor style. Of these, at present none are in business except David L. who has bought the right of Good year's Elastic Shirred Suspenders, and is manufacturing the article and has a sales depot or Beaver street. Mr. Goodyear has realized \$20,000 for his invention. It has been patented in England, and France also, and the entire right for the United States belongs to Mr. Suydam.

city, and the senior partner in the firm of Suy am, Sage & Co., the largest firm in the flour business in the city. SUYDAM, FERDINAND JR......

Of the firm of Suydam, Sage & Co. Married laughter of Stephen Whitney. SCYDAM, LAMBERT..... 8500.000

SUYDAM, HENRY \$100,000
SUYDAM, JAMES A. Brothers of David \$150,000
SUYDAM, JOHN I. \$150,000
SUYDAM, PETER M. \$150,000
SWAN, BENJAMIN L. \$500,000 The firm of Otis & Swan were particularly ucky in their commercial arrangements during

WORDS, GEORGE H..... A hardware merchant doing a profitable busiless in the lower part of Broadway. 8100.000

the last war.

est literary speculation one of them made was his inter-marriage with a Lorillard. T. .8200.000 naval hero of our country. \$100,000 TALBOT, WILLIAM R.....

Brothers of C. N. above. \$200,000 TALLMADGE, JAMES \$200,000
The "General" and once Lieutenant-Governor, and eminent as a jurist, Senator, patron of American industry, &c., &c. "Good wine needs no bush. A cotton broker.

TALBOT, CHARLES R......\$100,000

TARGER, JOHN..... A young French adventurer, silveremith by A young French adventurer, silverements by trade, emigrated some fifty years ago to this country, and by good conduct and industry and great shrewdness as a politician in the Demo-cratic ranks to which he, as it turned out, wisely

attached himself, rendered himself eminently conspicuous in that party, and for his untiring devotion to their interests was richly rewarded with sundry profitable poets of honor. So distinguished had he become from the Jeffersonian triumph of 1800 upward, that Vice President he was everywhere looked upon for a time as the most influential leader, if not chief of the party in this quarter of the State. Hence, during the struggles to supplant Clinton, the poet Croaker wrote thus:

"I'm sick of General Jackson's toast, Canals are nought to me; Nor do I care who rules the roast, Clinton or John Targes." TAYLOR, EDWARD N..... TAYLOR, JACOB B......\$100,000

TAYLOR, Moses.......\$300,000 A very worthy man and grocer. His connection in business with the Astors has brought gold to his coffers. Brought up with Howland and Aspinwall. TREBAUD, E.....

THERIAT, AUGUSTUS R.......\$100,000
A native of Poland, of Jewish connection and high standing-made his fortune by manufacturing paper hangings and shrewd manage THOMPSON, AB'M G. 8500.000

his father. THOMPSON, JAMES..... \$150,000 Son of James Thompson (deceased), who was a merchant and ship owner, and came from Scot land. The son has not been in business, and has spent much time in Europe, and has a rare col ection of paintings and works of art.

THOMPSON, JONATHAN.......\$250,000 An apostle of the "old guard" of Democracy. and comes from that vigorous nursery of such material, "Old Suffolk." He was a long time our respected Collector, and is now the Presi dent of the Manhattan Company.

THOMPSON, ORRIN..... . \$300.000 Of an ancient respectable Connecticut family, and the architect of his own fortune. He com nenced business in this city some thirty years ago as a carpet dealer, and in 1827 established the first carpet manufactory in the country, and in the following year built a second factory s few miles distant from the first, and the result has been two large villages, one named Thomp-sonville, in Connecticut, the largest carpet manufactory in the whole world. The first car pet made in this factory was sold in this city by several other factories in operation, and ninetenths of the ingrain carpets sold here are made in this country, and are equal and even superior to the English. The Thompsonville factory turns out a large amount of Brussels carpet of the best kind in the market—much of old Brussels is made in this country. Mr. Thompson, with his son Henry G. and J. Elnathan Smith, constituting the firm of Orrin Thompson & Co., have in the city the largest salesroom in the United States for carpets. Mr. Thompson is a self-made man of great capacity, and much esteemed for

A coal dealer and shipper. at Fort Washington. THORBURN, GRANT £200.000 An honest, industrious Scotchman; came to

this country some fifty years ago or more, a very poor man, and worked at some mechanical business. He opened a seed store, and finally occupled the Quaker Meeting House several years, in Liberty street, until he made, by economy and activity, a handsome fortune. He then pur-chased a farm on Long Island, had a nursery, and, after living there some years, finally returned to this city, and now makes bouquets at liblo's. He is a pleasant, intelligent, and sensible old gentleman, not more than 4 feet 6 in height, and remarkably active. His son keeps a large seed and flower store in John street.

THORNE, JONATHAN.....\$350,000
A leather dealer in the Swamp; married the daughter of the late Israel Corse; an unassum-

ing, substantial merchant; a Quaker. THORNE, HERMAN \$1,500,000
This gentleman, we believe, is a native of New \$1,500,000 Jersey, of highly respectable parents; was appointed a purser in the navy and went up the Mediterranean after the peace of 1815, under the command of Decatur. He subsequently married the only daughter of Mr. Jauncey, an aged and wealthy Englishman, who lived for many years in Broadway, near the Bowling Green, against the consent of the father, who refused to be reconciled to him. Mr. Jauncey left all his estate to his daughter, who for several years resided in Paris with a large family, and lived in great style, entertaining the nobility and gentry and all the Americans of respectability. The increasing value of the Jauncey estate rendered it necessary for Mr. Thorne t return home, and accordingly he has brought all his family from France, and now resides in this city. He has a little of the foreign air and

bon for about him, but at heart is a good American. THORNE, THOMAS W Formerly engaged in the lottery business, but at present President of the Jefferson Insurance THWING, J. C.... TILESTON, THOMAS \$500,000 Firm of Spofford, Tileston & Co. Mr. S. was a oor shoemaker from Massachusetts. His part-

ner, Mr. Tileston, was a journeyman printer from the same State. From small beginnings as shoe dealers they became very extensively engaged in that line as wholesale dealers in Water street, in which, with operations in navigation, they have amassed a large fortune. TILLOU, F. R. \$150,000
A self-made man in the law, his father being

long time in the humble capacity of one of the Mayor's police marshals. The son married sister of that remarkable genius and first of American poets, Dr. Joseph Rodman Drake-"croaker senior." Has been Alderman of the Fifth ward, and is of the firm of Tillou & Cutting. TISDALE, SAMUEL T \$100,000

ter of Thomas Gardiner, now of New Jersey, a brother of the late John Gardiner. Mr. Titus is of a Long Island Quaker family, and is worth this sum mainly by expectations from his wife. tinguished democratic merchants.

TONNELEE, JOHN \$500,000
Came from France and kept a large glove store in Pearl street, and afterward was in the wool business, in which his son succeeds him in the firm of Tonnelee & Hall. .8500.000

latter his son-in-law), probably the most extensive wool dealers in the country. Townsend, Dr. \$100,000
Taken when young by a rich uncle, Charles \$100,000

Wright, of Flushing, long since deceased, and inherited his estate. He was educated a physician, but does not practice. He married a daughter (now deceased) of William Prince, the selebrated horticulturist. TOWNING, RICHARD (ESTATE OF)..... \$100,000

prother-in-law, Nevins, have amassed a large property. TOWNSEND, ISAAC \$100,000 With his brothers, William H. and Robert C., a dry goods jobber in Nassau street, and of a dif-ferent family from any of the above. He and his brother William H. married daughters of

from his father, Alderman Thomas S., and from his wife's father, Jacob Drake. The sister of John R. is married to Joseph Lawrence. Of Long Island family, but not related to Thomas J. TOWNSEND, J. AND W. \$150,000 Brothers, and together worth this sum, which they have made by long perseverance and strict

The other brother, who married a daughter of

the rich David Austin.

Samuel Whittemore, a rich card merchant, deceased. Robert C. received \$75,000 by his wife. Effingham, a jobber in the dry goods line in this

city. The brother of Isaac.

respectability, who settled first at Ipswich, Mass., about two centuries ago. TREADWRLL, EPHRAIM W \$150,000 TREDWELL, JOHN \$200,000
TREDWELL, GEORGE \$150,000 \$150,000 TRIMBLE, DANIEL \$250,000
TRIMBLE, GEORGE T \$100,000 \$100,000 \$150,000 \$300,000 married a daughter of Henry Brevoort, de-ceased, who was the father also of the great

millionaire, Henry Brevoort. sense, being near seven fect in his shoes, as is plain to all men's views, sings an admirable song, and patronizes music and the opera; drives a fine team, and, in short, is a first-rate gentleman, living as a gentleman should, and showing that one can be such without neglecting even the severer engagements of business and the counting room. Prof. John B. Beck married a daughter of Mr. Tucker. Is President of the

Leather Manufacturers' Bank. TURNER, MR..... \$100,000 TUCKER, MOSES. \$150,000 Born in the city of New York; son of the late Gideon Tucker; commenced the hardware business in Chatham street, where he continued. both early and late until about ten years ago when he retired from business. By his own unaided efforts he has realized the above handsome sum, which is all securely invested in real

estate in this city.

TRINITY CHURCH CORPORATION.—This corporation having, before the Revolutionary War, received certain grants of land from the Crown in the city of New York, had those grants confirmed by various acts of the Legislature after the achievement of independence. They consisted of lots of ground in the neighborhood of the park and St. Paul's Church, and some acres in the vicinity of St. John's Park. In the early period of the history of this city those grants were not esteemed very valuable, and many were leased for a hundred years, at a mere nominal rent. With the improvements, however, in the city and the expiration of leases the lots have become very valuable, and the corporation adopted the plan of leasing to tenants in possession, charging 5 per cent, per annum on the value of the lot. They also gave several lots to Episcopal churches to raise revenue for their pastors; and, generally speaking, Trinity Church considerable liberal, but the churches to whom lots have been given are hard customers. Several attempts have been made to set aside the grants, and various heirs of estates have commenced suits, but with no apparent success All our courts of law have sustained the validity of church titles, which, if lots are valued at what they will bring, is as good real estate as lots in fee. Trinity Church, in addition to lay ing out \$500,000 on a new church, is liberal in

erecting other places of Episcopal worship. UNDERHILL THOMAS S \$100,000

v. A shrewd old Knickerbocker, formerly from Kinderbook; made his large property in the dry goods trade, in times when great profits and small risks were the order of the day. VANALEN, JAS. H..... VAN AUKEN, JESSE..... \$100,000

Of an old Knickerbocker stock; honest and industrious; has made his money by strict attention to business, the butter and lard trade. property, and has for many years resided in

VAN ANTWERP, JAMES VAN ARSDALE, PETER, DR. \$100,000
A highly respected physician, who has, by dint
of severe and continued hard labor in his profession, acquired, in the upper part of our city, where the pay is small, but sure, a comfortable fortune. He is of our old Dutch families. VAN BUREN, JOHN.......\$100,000
VANDERBILT, CORNELIUS......\$1,200,000 Of an old Dutch root. Cornelius has evinced more energy and "go aheadativeness" in building and driving steamboats and other projects

takes our American hot suns to clear off the vapors and fogs of the "Zuyder Zee" and wake up the phlegm of a descendant of old Holland. ANDERVOORT, PETER\$150,000 Van Nest, Abraham.....\$300,000 An old Dutchman, and self-made man; for-

merly a saddler, then engaged in the saddlery hardware business, in which, and by the rise of real estate, he has made his money. To be continued.

A TOUGH OLD FISHERMAN.

Mike Fitzgerald Fools His Neighbors, His Boc

tor, and the Clergyman. All the anglers hereabouts know old Mike Fitzgerald, the fisherman of the Great Kills of Staten Island. Recently his neighbors thought that he had made his last cast and wound up his line for good. He was booked by pneumonia. The doctors gave him up; the lawyers untangled his will, took all the kinks out of Then the clergyman arrived. With him Uncle Mike made all his arrangements for Uncle Mike made all his arrangements for a long journey, including an order for a fine pair of silver wings. But when the holy man retired Uncle Mike changed his mind and swore he'd be damued if he'd go to heaven before catching some more bass and weakfish. If he disappointed the angels he delighted his friends, and hosts of them in New York will be glad to know that, completely recovered, he is now industriously painting his favorite boat.

HANSON'S HURRIED MOVING

the Family Narrowly Escaped. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BARTOW JUNCTION, Fla., April 2 .- Joseph Hanson and family of eight persons had a nar-row escape the other evening from being carried into a subterranean river. Hanson lived in a very pretentious house for this section. about five miles from here, on the border of Lake Iola. His house was about 200 vards from the lake on a high ridge. Right back of this. within 100 yards of the house, is a deep sink. as it is called here, a depression in the ground, about 150 yards across, filled with water. It is deep, the water averaging about

ground, about 150 yards across, filled with water. It is deep, the water averaging about fifty test in the centre, the depression being in the form of a teards.

For the last week or so Hanson has noticed a peculiar agitation of the water in this sink, and a sort of rouring has been heard at night, while several times slight sheeks have been felt that moved the house and rattled the dishes in the house. Night before last, about midnight, the family were suddenly awakened by a violent recking motion of the house and the creaking of timbers, while a loud crackling sound was heard underneath. Thoroughly alarmed, they hastily rushed cut of doors, just as the building slid over with a frightful rour into the small sink beyond, a section of earth nearly 200 feet square being brought down with it. It was a stormy night and raining heavily. The affrighted people, half drersed, an to the house of a neighbor half a mile away and secured shelter.

The next morning a terrible scene of disaster met their syes. The water had all disappeared from the bottom of the sink, and portions of the house were piled bottom side up into it, while hugs masses of earth were piled up on all sides, a part of the building having disappeared. A close investigation revealed a hole underneath the shattered timbers at the bottom of the sink nearly ten feet in diameter, and underneath could be heard a faint roaring as of rushing waters.

Mr. Hansen is at a loss to account for this disaster, except on the supposition that the crust was broken through to the bottom of the sink. This part of Florida has accors of the self-sink, some of them filled with water and others with trees growing at the bottom. They cometimes sink in this way, though it is very seldem. Mr. Hansen thinks it very fortunate that no lives were lost. He lost his all, but thinks of building pear by again.

MISS HOWARD'S MISSION.

TEN YEARS OF WORK AMONG INC DIANS ON CROW CREEK

of Education Causes of Failures The Change in the System of Indian Schools -Miss Howard's White River Runch.

It would not be correct to say that Miss Grace Howard is now resting after her ten years of hard work among the Brule Indians on the Crow Crook reservation, for she seems to be constitutionally unable to rest except in the mod ern American sense of seeking a change of occupation. It is true, however, that she is now visiting at the home of her father in this city, and that she has definitely retired from the work to which she has given so large a portion of her life. Her rest seems to consist in making preparations for further activity on the cattle ranch which she has purchased on the White River, and on which she proposes to make he

permanent home, still among the Indians. When she was asked to tell something of he experiences and plans shedemurred stoutly, save

when she was asked to tell something of her experiences and plans she demurred stoutly, say, ing that she had resolved not to speak publicity on the subject any more. But the old interest was too strong for her resolution, and, after a few questions had been asked casually, she was soon talking with all the enthusiasm that has made her prominent among the many who have devoted themselves to the improvement of the condition of the Indian.

"There are," she said, "just two points that I would like to make prominent if I am to be quoted at all. The first is in relation to the Indians, themselves. They have been criticised severely and unjustly, especially those among them who have been at the Hampton school and have gone back to live among their own people as educated Indians. They are often spoken at as graduates when they have not, perhaps, had more than three years schooling altogether, and there seems to be a disposition to hold them responsible for the career and behavior of carefully educated people.

"Now, it is true that they do not all turn out well. There are instances of failure even among educated white people. But I can positively assert that as class they do turn out well, even under the most discouraging circumstances. They go back home with a strong love for their race, and for their parents, especially, and they do make their homes better. And they learn to work, and they do work. They raise grain and sell great quantities of it to the agents. And they grain turned into flour and the cattle turned into neat they raise cattle and sell them to the agents. And they raise cattle and sell them to the agents have the grain turned into flour and the cattle turned into neat and give it back to them in the shape of rations. Of course that is all right under the system of issuing rations, but it is met they raise cattle and sell them to the agents have they are sure of getting enough to cat from the formations. Of course that is all right under the system of issuing rations, but it is met they are sure of g

my friends when I decided to take advantage of the opportunity to sell out my school to the Gov-ernment. I therefore did so, and received \$8,688 for what had cost me over \$12,000.

"The situation was this: For two or three years past, the denominational schools, in con-sequence of an agreement among all the churches, excepting the Roman Catholic, have refused to accept Government aid. I have con-tinued to receive Government money, but my school was not a denominational one, though it

refused to accept Government aid. I have continued to receive Government money, but my school was not a denominational one, though it is true that I received a great deal of belp from Episcopalians, naturally enough, because I am an Episcopalian myself, and almost my first aid came from my rector. Dr. Satterlee. Then the policy of the Government for some time past has been to do away with the contract system and put the schools directly in charge of regularly appointed Government employees. This again did not affect me, for my contract with the Government has been made more and more advantageous to the school year by year, till this year it was better than ever before, and I had every assurance that it would have been still further increased for next year if I had chosen to continue with it. But, as I said, I felt really unable to go on.

""How did I come to choose such a life as I did instead of remaining at home! Well, I was not made for inactivity and I had to find something to do, simply because I could not live idly. It was in March, 1886, I think, that I went to the Hampton Institute with my sister, who was ill, to visit my cousin, who was one of the teachers in the school. Then my cousin was ill, and I took her class as a favor to her. Then another teacher was ill, and I continued her class until. I think, some time in June. By that time I grew thoroughly interested in the work, and began to have ideas of my own about how to carry it on to advantage, after the pupils should have returned to their homes among their own people. I therefore went to South Dakota with the intention of starting systematic industrial work among the Indians, and I made a beginning in that line.

ning in that line.
"It was not a real failure, for I succeeded

"It was not a real faiture, for I successed in the young people interested in the dea, and actually got them started at work but there was not the demand out there for the kind work that was to be done at an institution, which that was to be done at an institution, which that was to be done at an institution, which are the control to turn it into a school, being asked to be so by the parents of the Indian children themselves, as well as by Mr. Oberly, who was including the Indian Commissioner at Washington. At that time the Indians were not compelled to send their children to school, and I only had tenchildren in the school at first. I received no help from the Government for the first two years, but afterward I received an allowance of \$100 a year each for six children. The following year it was \$1,500 for fifteen and at teacher at \$400 a year.

"The following year it was \$1,500 for fifteen from time to time it was increased, till this year I received an allowance for thrity-five children and had two teachers. In one respect i was specially favored, for none of the other contract schools—and there are a great many of themreceives anything more than the regular payment of \$100 a year per pupil, and I believe most of them have, as I always had, more pupil. A first, my pupils were girls from 14 to 18 years old, for at that time, as I said, education was not compulsory among the Indians, and they did not send the smaller children. But afterward I had younger ones. The compulsory education regulation has been an excellent thing, especially as the parents are not allowed to withdraw their children trum one school to send them to another in consequence of a whim or afti of temper.

"My work was very largely a sort of messionary and a strended the sick, and in the way acquired a considerable influence over the people, and they went to church to please me, in a great many cases. I have a natival was a subject of the proper of the proper